the hiſtory, of luſt and foule thoughts: they met ſo neere with their lips, that their breathes embrac'd together, villanous thoughts, when theſe mutualities ſo marſhall the way; hand at hand comes *Roderigo*, the maſter and the maine exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion. But ſir, be you rul'd by me, I haue brought you from *Venice*; watch you to night, for command Ile lay't vpon you, *Caſsio* knowes you not, Ile not be farre from you, doe you finde ſome occaſion to anger *Caſsio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe; which the time ſhall more fauorably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir he is raſh, and very ſuddaine in choler, and haply with his Trunchen may ſtrike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out of that, will I cauſe theſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny, whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again't, but by the diſplanting of *Caſsio*: So ſhall you haue a ſhorter iourney to your deſires, by the meanes I ſhall then haue to prefer them, & the impediment, moſt profitably remou'd, without which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meet me by and by at the Cittadell; I muſt fetch his neceſſaries a ſhore.—Farewell.

Rod. Adue. *Exit.*

Iag. That *Caſsio* loues her, I do well beleeue it;
That ſhe loues him, tis apt and of great credit;
The Moore howbe't that I indure him not,
Is of a conſtant, noble, louing nature;
And I dare thinke, hee'le proue to *Deſdemona*,
A moſt deere husband; now I doe loue her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, (tho peraduenture,
I ſtand accomptant for as great a ſin,)
But partly lead to diet my reuenge,
For that I doe ſuſpect the luſtfull Moore,
Hath leap'd into my ſeat, the thought whereof
Doth like a poiſonous mineral gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, nor ſhall content my ſoule,
Till I am euen'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moore,
At leaſt, into a iealouſie ſo ſtrong,

That

That iudgement can not cure; which thing to
If this poore traſh of *Venice*, whom I trace,
For his quicke hunting, ſtand the putting on,
Ile haue our *Michael Caſsio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
(For I feare *Caſsio*, with my night cap too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and rew
For making him egregiouſly an Aſſe,
And practiſing vpon his peace and quiet,
Euen to madneſſe: —tis heere, but yet confu
Knaueries plaine face is neuer ſeene, till vs'd.

Enter Othello's *Herauld, reading a Proc*

It is *Othello's* pleaſure, our noble and valia
certaine tidings now arriued, importing th
Turkiſh Fleete; that euery man put himſelf
dance, ſome make bonefirs; each man to wh
addiction leades him; for beſides theſe benefi
lebration of his Nuptialls: So much was his
claimed. All Offices are open, and there is fu
ſent houre of fiue, till the bell hath told eleuen
of *Cyprus*, and our noble Generall *Othello*.

Enter Othello, Caſſio, *and* Deſdem

Oth. Good *Michael* looke you to the gu
Lets teach our ſelues that honourable ſtoppe,
Not to outſport diſcretion.

Caſ. *Iago* hath direction what to doe:
But notwithſtanding, with my perſonall eye
Will I looke to it.

Oth. *Iago* is moſt honeſt:
Michael goodnight, to morrow with your ea
Let me haue ſpeech with you, come my deare
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue,
That profits yet to come twixt me and you,
Good night. *Exit*